It Can't Rain Forever

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It Can't Rain Forever by black_dipped_roses

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Based off of this prompt: "will someone write a fic where stan feels insecure or ugly because of the scars on his face (from when the painting lady sucked his face) and bill/the losers help him feel better about it" https://eddiekaaspbraks.tumblr.com/post/166153229332/will-someone-write-a-fic-where-stan-feels-insecure

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Clean.

That's all Stanley wanted.

He just wanted to feel clean.

But every time he looked in the mirror and saw the scars, he was transported back to that dark and dirty sewer. The complete and utter loneliness would take hold of him and suddenly, his bathroom lights were too bright. They were too close. They were growing closer. They were towering over him. They were paralyzing him-

He was dirty.

So, so dirty.

And he couldn't get clean.

No matter how hard he scrubbed his face, the marks wouldn't leave.

His hands began to shake, frantically tugging at his face. The wash cloth in his hand came back bloodied this time; he must have picked one of the scabs off. So be it. He couldn't feel his face anymore anyways. And the lights just kept getting brighter.

He felt like an actor, and this was his scene. The spotlight was on him, just like it always is. Like it always will be.

So he better play his part.

He must play his part.

"Did you finish your homework, Stanley?" Stanley's mother asks him as he walks down the stairs. She's wearing a beautiful blue dress with her hair tied up delicately, but he only notices the single stray hair left out of place. In a desperate way, he relates to it.

“Yes,” Stanley responds curtly, but politely. Playing his part while putting on his pristine, white shoes.

“Good,” she responded before handing him his lunch and sending him off to school. She doesn’t mention the new band-aids on his face, nor the raw red of his cheeks.

Just like she never mentioned the blood on his face when he came home, half traumatized and falling from the safety of his sanity. Because, even she has a part to play.

Everyone in Derry does.

Stanley walks to school quietly, forgoing the place he usually meets his friends in favor of gathering his bearings and preparing himself.

It’s a quick walk, although every time he sees a sewer drain his muscles clench and his teeth grind unpleasantly against each other; it’s just another notation in his list of things to hide.

When he arrives at school, Richie is the first person to see him. He looks directly at Stanley’s face, right where his scars are, and Stanley looks away quickly. Shame covers his cheeks, and his fingers twitch. He wants so badly to hide his face, but he knows that it wouldn’t do him any good. You can’t hide something that grotesquely retched.

“Stan The Man, here in the flesh to grace us with his presence,” Richie announces with his usual fanfare, and Stanley wants to snap at him for drawing so much attention. That would draw even more attention, so he settles for glaring at Richie instead.

He glares at Richie a lot nowadays. It’s not that Richie’s changed, quite the opposite, actually. Stanley is the one who changed. Stanley Uris lives in a pastel world with a perfect life and a perfect plan. Stan, on the other hand, is left picking up the pieces of the world that came crumbling down- left pretending he’s the same boy playing the part he was born for.

The Losers walk over to where Richie is directing them; all of them walk to Stanley.

It’s almost too much attention.

The lights in the hallway seem brighter than they did only moments before.

“Wh-where were you this morning?” Bill asks and Stan absently notes that his stutter his getting better.

“I decided to walk a different route,” Stanley thinks about what people expect of him, “There were some birds I wanted to look at.”

Stanley has grown quite good at doing what’s expected of him.

“Did you finish your English homework?” Ben smiles kindly at him, and Stanley wonders what it must be like- to smile at something you find disgusting.

“I did,” Stanley moves closer to Eddie, wishing he could pull the loose string on Eddies fanny pack off.

Eddie groans, “I understood less than half of it.”

“I can help you,” Ben smiles quite a lot more now, Stan notices.

Stan feels a smile tug at his lips, at least someone gained something from the clown. At the thought of the clown, his scars begin to ache.

The almost smile retreats quickly.

“We should see a movie today,” Mike nods his head, as if speaking his mind has made the decision final.

“Great idea!” Bill pats Mike’s shoulder with a broad smile.

Age has changed all of them.

Bill hadn’t only lost most of his stutter, he had grown quite a bit too. He was taller than all of the Losers, even Mike. And his face, his face was the embodiment of artistry. He was the kind of person poets wrote sonnets about. He was glorious.

The same could be said about Beverly. She was oh so beautiful. And most of the school knew it too. So smart and kind. Full of life and love.

Just like Mike, who was involved in every sport and club imaginable. Charming and caring, unlike most of the popular people. He was never short of stunning women following him around.

Even Ben had grown into himself. Attractive in an unconventional, yet effective sort of way. He was cheerful, something that seems so rare in this world. A diamond in the rough.

Eddie hadn't lost his hypochondria, nor his tendency to panic, as much as even he might have hoped he would by sixteen, but he was an oddly soft boy with a tender disposition that lead him to be admired by plenty of people.

Including Richie, who had traded in his square coke bottle bifocals for contacts and a pair of trendy glasses in the ninth grade. Richie had grown taller, his already lean frame hardening into sharp, attractive angles.

They were wondrous to Stan. And they never played their part.

This left Stanley to wonder why they let him remain their friend.

They were all so far above him. They were birds soaring. And he had fallen that fateful day, right from the sky he had trusted to carry him.

He was disgusting.

He was tarnished.

He was dirty.

He was-

"digging into your palm," Beverly whispered into his ear and grabbed his hand, slowly pulling his fingers out of their fisted position.

Stanley looked up at her in alarm, eyes scanning the hallway.

"No one else noticed," Beverly moved to stand in front of him, "What's going on Stan?"

"Nothing," He replied quickly, trying to tug his hand out of her grasp,

but she just tightened her grip.

“Stan, your hands are bleeding because you dug your finger nails into them,” Beverly raised an eyebrow, turning his palms up.

Stanley looked down at the small red crescents in his hands, just another scar to hide.

“It’s nothing Beverly,” Stanley pulled away from her empathetic eyes as quickly as he could, striding to his classroom and away from the cracks in his facade.

The lights were too bright.

The movie flashed too quickly for Stanley’s eyes.

He felt nauseous.

Stanley stood up and walked out of the theater room, politely excusing himself- stating he needs go to the restroom.

He walks to the restroom as quickly as is appropriate.

Still playing his part.

Once he enters the bathroom the large mirror stares back at him- mocking him.

Stanley gags.

Once.

Twice.

Three times, before calming slightly.

Then the lights grow brighter and his face begins to ache. He stares at his reflection, brutally obsessing over his own repulsive image. A single finger moves to scratch at the scars before he stops himself; he can’t look disarrayed. He is the only child of rabbi Donald Uris and his beautiful wife Andrea. People expected more of him.

People expected perfection.

Instead, Stanley turned his hand to the mirror, first viciously smudging his likeness before dragging his nail across his reflected cheek. His jaw clenches at the unpleasant, high pitched screech emitted from his uncontrollable musings. He felt like he was falling once more, falling through fog and smoke.

He moved away from the mirror, straightening his shirt and ironing his face into a careful neutral expression.

Just playing his part.

As he walked back into the theater room, he considered leaving.

He could say he felt sick, but ultimately Eddie would attempt to diagnose and treat him.

That was too much attention.

Stanley walked to his seat, politely apologizing to the people he inconvenienced on his way there.

He wondered if he would ever say the same words to his parents, or to his friends.

“St-Stan,” Bill whispered once he sat down.

“Yes?” Stanley asked quietly.

“Come over,” Bill stated and a smile played at his lips, but his eyes held something both lost and sad in them.

Stan frowned, “What do you mean?”

“Tonight. Spend the night at my house,” Bill’s hand lightly gripped Stan’s knee for a moment before returning it to his own lap.

“Why? What’s wrong Bill?” Stan turned to see Bill’s expressions flash across his face.

Bill smiled sadly, “It’s raining Stan, and my house is too empty right

now."

"Alright," Stan nodded, and he knew Bill understood that to be acceptance of his invitation.

When the movie ended the Losers went their separate ways. Mike, Beverly, and Ben all rode together to their respective houses leaving with hugs and promises to meet up again. The only deviation from their normal goodbye was when Beverly moved her hand out of Ben's grip to whisper into Bill's ear for a moment, eyes sad as she pulled back.

Stanley felt a spike of anger course through him. He shouldn't worry when Beverly gets close to Bill. He shouldn't feel anything. Because Beverly is in a loving relationship and Bill is a boy.

Stanley's hand tightened.

His face felt dirty.

He felt dirty.

Ugly.

Disgusting.

"Stan?" Eddie tapped his shoulder.

"Yes?" Stan turned to Eddie and was met with an armfull of the tiny Kaspbrak, "I know what it's like. I promise it'll be okay."

Stan's brows knitted together, "Eddie, what are you talking about?"

"Just remember it can't rain forever," Eddie mouth tilted up slightly, but his eyes remained serious.

Eddie let go of Stan with one last hug before twining his hand with Richie's.

"I'd say 'stay steady Stan', but I think a few glitches in the game'd be

good for you, so why don't you try deviating from the plan, huh?" Richie smiled and patted Stan's arm.

Stan looked on in confusion as the two ran off into the rain, hands gripped tightly together.

"Come on, I've got an umbrella," Bill held his umbrella over Stan's head, protecting him from the rain.

Everything seems fast. Flying past his eyes. He supposes it's because they can soar and he can't. He catches sight of a bird out of the corner of his eye and wishes more than anything he could trade places with it.

The ride to Bill's house was an uneventful and quiet affair. Stanley had already called his mother and father to inform them of where he would be staying that night, and they didn't mind.

Once they had pulled into Bill's driveway and ran inside, Bill pulled him into an entirely unexpected hug.

Stan absorbed the warmth for a moment, then pulled away slightly, "Why does everyone keep hugging me?"

"Because we're sorry," Bill sighed and pulled Stan tighter into his chest.

It felt like a goodbye somehow, like he was dying and this was his send off.

The sad looks, broken sounds, rotten smells, aching touches, and bitter tastes surrounded Stan- choking him with the pressure of his descent into madness.

Maybe he was dying.

Stan laughed, albeit a bit hysterically, "For what?"

"We didn't notice," Bill's voice turned impossibly sad as he pulled away from Stan, eyes searching, "We didn't notice what you were going through. It's been two years and we didn't notice you were drowning."

Stanley's breath caught in his throat, paralyzed, "What, what, are you talking about?"

He hid it all so well, they couldn't have noticed. They shouldn't have noticed.

"The avoiding, the long silences, the divots in your hands, the shaking," Bill said quietly, eyes flashing concern, empathy, and something else Stanley couldn't even think about.

"No," Stanley shut his eyes, "No this isn't. You don't-"

Stanley's breath grew short and his eyes began to water.

"Stan it's okay," Bill pulled his hands away from gripping his sweater, "I've felt this before. I know what it's like to feel my world crum-crumbling around me. I know what it's like to wake up and wish I didn't. I know what it's like to f-feel like you're falling helplessly."

"Stop!" Stanley's voice grew sharp, and he didn't care who heard him.

"Why? Wh-why should I?" Bill gripped Stanley's shoulders.

Stanley began to shake, "Because I can't play my part! I'm Stanley Uris. I'm supposed to be a good, well-mannered Jewish boy. A good, well-mannered Jewish boy doesn't have scars! He doesn't lose his faith in God! He doesn't look at other boys the way I do!"

Tears streamed down Stan's face.

"A good, well-mannered Jewish boy isn't going to go to hell. But I am," he whispered furiously, "I am."

His need for order and routine was crushing him. The pulsing compulsion for everything to have its place and everything to be perfect left him tearing into himself, cracking from the inside out, falling farther and farther.

No matter how hard Stanley tried, no matter how well he could pretend to be faultless and purposeful, he was simply not. He wasn't perfect. He wasn't orderly. He wasn't good at playing his part.

He wasn't clean.

Stan laughed wetly, "I'm grotesque! An abomination. A disappointment."

Bill smashed his lips into Stan's, and Stan's eyes widened in shock.

"You're absolutely none of those things! Not- not a single fucking one! You're not grotesque or an abomination or going to hell and, Jesus, you're certainly not a disappointment! You are the most beautiful and intelligent being I've ever laid my eyes on. I have entire journals full of poems and art all about you. You're a master piece, and I can't believe you would ever think you're anything but astonishing," Bill held Stan's face in his hands.

"Can't you see how dirty I am?" Stan scrubbed his face until Bill replaced his hands, lightly tracing over Stan's scars. Can't Bill see how broken Stan is? Can't he see that Stan's not meant to be here? Can't he see how lost Stan is?

Bill outright laughed at Stan's question, "I've carried Richie out of mud slides at least three times this week, and you are literally the most cleanly person I know, aside from maybe Eddie."

Stan's eyes grew sad, "That's not-"

Bill doesn't understand. He can't see that Stan is left wandering listlessly without a part to play. Bill can't see that Stan doesn't know what to do now that he can't be exactly what's expected of him.

"I know," Bill smiled, eyes twinkling, "I know that's not what you meant. But I meant what I said. You are, I-I-I don't have words to describe how elegantly handsome you are. You're scars attract the least amount of attention. Have-haven't you seen the looks people give you? The star-struck gazes as you walk by, head held high?"

Stan thinks he might believe anything Bill says as long as Bill looks at him like that when he says it.

“And don’t say they weren’t there because I was one of them, still am one of them,” Bill cupped his cheeks, “I know I can’t say all of these sweet words and fix all of your problems. I know I can’t magically stop your anxiety or your OCD, but I’m going to do everything I can to be there for you. I’ve been exactly where you are and I promise, no matter what, I’ll catch you when you fa-fall. You’re not alone, Stan. You never will be again.”

Bill didn’t kiss him again that night, but he did hold him through the entire night- through all of the anger and sadness and pain. Through Stan breaking down and starting to rebuild himself again. Bill never let go.

The next day the entire Losers club showed up on Bill’s doorstep, wanting to know if Stan was okay. Stan smiled through the emotional hugs and advice.

In the end, it was just another day for the Losers.

Stan still had a long battle to fight, but he knew resolutely - as he looked at Eddie and Richie hitting each other with pillows, Mike and Ben balancing spoons on their noses, Bev laughing, and Bill smiling brightly at him - that even if he had a long way to go and the sky wasn’t always clear enough for him to soar, he would always have his friends there to help him fly.

After all, it can’t rain forever.

Author's Note:

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